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WHOLE NO. 1412.

RELIGIOUS.

THE SABBATH.

Mr. Editor.—If you will be so kind as to publish the following testimony of Dr. Farre, before a Committee of the British House of Commons in 1833, with regard to the Christian Sabbath, you will oblige me, and may perform an important service to the community. I am desirous of calling the attention of our distinguished Physicians to this subject, and of getting the results of their observations in regard to it. Any communications directed to me, at No. 28, Cornhill, Boston, will be gratefully received by Truly yours, &c. JUSTIN EDWARDS. Boston, Dec. 17, 1842.

TESTIMONY OF DR. FARRE.
“I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the use of the Sabbath, and of observing its abuses. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labor and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense, it is a holy rest, providing for the introduction of new and sublime ideas into the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power, because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the laws of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you will see, from the analogy, that ‘the Sabbath was made for man,’ as a necessary appointment.
“A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system.
“You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact, by trying it on heads of burdened animals. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as in the brute; but in the long run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and that vigor of his old age which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. I consider therefore that, in the beautiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty; and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. Were I to pursue this part of the question, I should be touching on the duties committed to the clergy; but this I will say, that researches in physiology, by the analogy of the working of Providence in nature, will establish the truth of revelation, and consequently show that the Divine commandment is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man.”

Question.—“In your own practice have you thought it necessary, to carry on the whole of your occupation on a Sunday as on the other six days of the week?”
Answer.—“Certainly not.”
Q.—“Do you think your patients have suffered thereby?”
A.—“Certainly not.”
Q.—“Of course in extreme cases you do?”
A.—“I consider that the two offices of healing, so to speak, are the clergyman and the medical man; they are the only two classes of persons called on to labor on that day for the benefit of the community. I have found it essential to my own well-being to abridge my labor on the Sabbath to what is actually necessary. I have frequently observed the premature death of medical men from continued exertion. In warm climates and in active service this is painfully apparent.”

Q.—“As a physician, is it absolutely necessary for the rest of man, what do you say to the habits of clergyman, who must of necessity labor on the seventh day?”
A.—“I have advised the clergymen, in lieu of his Sabbath, to rest one day in the week; it forms a continual prescription of mine. I have seen many destroyed by their duties on that day, and, to preserve others, I have frequently suspended them for a season from the discharge of those duties.”
Q.—“So that the clergyman furnishes an illustration of your own principle as to the ill effects of working on the seventh day continually?”
A.—“Yes, certainly; I would say further, that, quitting the grosser evils of mere animal living from over-exertion and undue exercise of body, the working of the mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished class of society, and that senators themselves stand in need of reform in that particular. I have observed many of them destroyed by neglecting this economy of life.”

Q.—“Therefore, to all men, of whatever class, who must necessarily be occupied six days in the week, you recommend to abstain on the seventh, and in the course of life they would gain by it?”
A.—“Assuredly they would, by giving to their bodies the repose, and to their minds the change of ideas suited to the day, for which it was appointed by unerring wisdom.”
Q.—“And in fact more mental work would be accomplished in their lives?”
A.—“Certainly, by the increased vigor imparted.”

Q.—“A human being is so constituted that he needs a day of rest both mental and bodily labor?”
A.—“Certainly. You have drawn the inference from the tenor of my evidence and argument, which I wish to leave on the mind of the legislative body.”

[For the Boston Recorder.]

PAPERS FROM THE OLD PARSONAGE.

Mr. Editor.—I have often wondered what has become of those heaps of manuscript sermons and biblical notes of those who have been distinguished by their labors in the ministry, which must have accumulated in the writing-desks and book-cases of the early New England divines. Many of them preached in the same pulpit and occupied the same study for half a century—some of them longer. As a general thing they were men of thought, and observation, and influence. They gave direction to public sentiment. They moulded the distinctive features of New England character. The elder President Adams once said, in conversation, that ‘American Independence was owing more to the republican views of the clergy, and the weight which their opinions had with the people, than to any other cause.’ And it was from their pulpit and pastoral labors, almost exclusively, that this commanding influence proceeded. They preached much, but published little. They wrote much; but where are now their writings? Whether have vanished these memorials of their sacred toil? For considerable enquiry and research, I am surprised and pained to find what indiscriminate havoc has been made of those valuable relics—valuable as illustrating the method and spirit of a ministry which made deeper and better impression on human society than any other since the apostles went to their rest. However, they have not quite all disappeared. In the garret of here and there an old parsonage, (perhaps in the bottom of some cast off bureau) I have been so fortunate as to discover several hundreds of these tattered and defaced memorials, which have happily escaped the flames, though their yellow complexion suggests that some of them have been sadly exposed to the floods. By your permission, Mr. Editor, I will furnish for the Recorder an extract, now and then, from these old documents. I do not, of course, ask room for whole sermons, though I am very sure some advantage would accrue to modern preachers from a perusal of these ancient specimens.
The following similitude is from the pen of the celebrated SAMUEL MOODY, of York, Me. It bears no date. The ministry of Mr. Moody commenced in 1698. He became pastor of the church at York in 1700, and continued his labors there till his death in 1747. The extract is a comparison of the *Christian with the bee*, and, were it put in John Bunyan’s rhyme, would rank with similar effusions from his rare pen:

1. A Bee is a laborious, diligent creature. So is a Christian. His life, under God, depends on his diligence. Nothing is to be got in Christianity but by labor. ‘In all labor there is profit,’ but the talk of the lips tends to penny; if that be all.

2. A Bee is a provident creature: is continually laying up in store for eternity. So is a Christian every day laying up in store for eternity. He looks not at the things that are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen and eternal.

3. A Bee feeds on the sweetest and choicest food. So does the Christian. He lives on the word of God which is sweeter than the honey comb. He feasts on Christ, who is the bread of life which came down from heaven. He feasts on the love and favor of God, and so man does eat and drink.

4. A Bee puts all into common stock. So the Christian is of a generous, communicative temper, and desires that others as well as himself may partake of his spiritual gains and increase.

5. A Bee will suck honey out of every flower; yea, they say out of a dung-hill. So the Christian improves every ordinance, every providence, for the increase of grace; yea, he will even improve the sins of others for advancing of grace in himself. It stirs up his gratitude to God for restraining grace. It makes him the more watchful and prayerful. It increases his holy mourning and godly sorrow. Rivers of waters runs down his eyes because men keep not God’s Law.

6. A Bee keeps to her own hive, and never goes about, for its necessary food. So a Christian, a daughter of Sarah especially, is most in her element when she is in her own tent. She is a chaste keeper at home, and when she goes abroad, if to the house of God, or to the private meetings of the upright, or to visit her friends, still is gathering food for her soul.

7. A Bee is always ready armed, and quick and expert in the use of its weapons. So is a Christian with respect to his spiritual arms, particularly the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, wherewith he fights his spiritual enemies and overcomes all their temptations.

This Word a sword, faith puts it on, And on occasion draws; The sword of grace he draws down, Before God’s holy laws.

8. The Bee is an ingenious creature, very nice and accurate in its work. So is the Christian; he walks and works by rule, he squares all his actions by the exact direction of the word of God, and the unerring pattern his Saviour has set him.

9. Bees are a sort of Commonwealth, and are under strict order and government. Every one keeps to his place and work. So are Christians in a city compact together, and they each mind and keep to his own particular station and employment, and abide with God in the calling wherein he is placed.

10. Bees keep their hives during the cold seasons, by keeping together. So do Christians keep up their spiritual warmth and liveliness by associating together. ‘If two lie together then they have heat; but how can one be warm alone.’

11. The Bee when its sight is obstructed by dirt &c. got over its eyes, is very restless and uneasy, and never leaves rubbing till it has got it off. So the Christian, if he has lost his bright views of spiritual things will never rest till he gets a renewed clear discovery of them.

12. The Bee, as it has always a bag of rank poison, as much in proportion to its bulk as a rattlesnake, so the Christian, together with the precious grace of God, has also a body of sin and corruption, the remainder of the poison of the Old Serpent.

13. The Bee gets all her living by flying. If her wings fail, she necessarily dies. So the just shall live by faith, which has been compared to flying in the air.

14. The Bee is a long-lived creature. Some say a swarm of Bees have been known to live thirty years. So the Christian’s life is long, yea, everlasting.

15. The Bee is a creature of a plain mind, outward appearance, not gay and gaudy like the butterfly. Its excellencies are intrinsic. So the Christian does not affect to make fair show in the flesh, but all glorious within.” J. S. C.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

REMINISCENCES OF WM. LADD.

INFLUENCE OF HIS PEACE PRINCIPLES IN HIS INTERCOURSE WITH OTHERS.—The common fault of reformers is, that they are intolerant in their feelings, and denunciatory in their language; but Mr. Ladd is a great degree escaped this intolerance. He was full of kind feelings; this child-like gentleness, counted with his other noble qualities, drew all hearts toward him.

His gentle-heartedness, however, came alike from his good-nature, and the influence of his peace principles. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the peace principles.

“I had,” said he, “a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by, I saw my neighbor Pulsifer’s sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spiders; they could spring over the highest fence, and no partition-wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there. I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep.”

“I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I said myself, Would it not be well for you to try to reason with those who were so much your enemy? I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to be pursued.”

“The next day, I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. ‘Good morning, neighbor,’ I repeated. ‘Good morning,’ he answered. ‘I have a favor to ask of you,’ I said. ‘What is it?’ ‘I want you to see about the sheep.’ ‘At this, he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in a most angry manner, ‘Now aren’t you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it—a rich man like you to shoot a poor man’s sheep!’”

“‘I was wrong, neighbor,’ said I; ‘but it won’t do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and, if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.’”

“Pulsifer looked confounded—he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, ‘Now, Squire, are you in earnest?’ ‘Certainly,’ I answered; ‘it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can’t keep them out.’”

“After a moment’s silence—the sheep shan’t trouble you any more,’ exclaimed Pulsifer. ‘I will fetter them all. I’ll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.’ The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And my friends,’ he would continue, addressing the audience, ‘remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. It increases his holy mourning and godly sorrow. Rivers of waters runs down his eyes because men keep not God’s Law.’

His conduct under neglect or abuse.—Though he keenly felt the cold sneer, the biting sarcasm, the undisguised contempt which often met his early efforts, these had only the effect to bring his mind up to a more vigorous wrestle with the prejudices of the times. Some years since he asked an assembled association of ministers in New-Hampshire for liberty to address them on the claims of the Peace Movement. The body unwillingly assented, and granted him a few minutes only. He spoke, but hardly had he warmed with his subject, when, the time expiring, he was abruptly and unfeelingly stopped with an unfinished sentence on his lips. He sat down, covered his eyes with his hand, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his lips quivering with emotion. His feelings were disregarded, and the body commenced a discussion on the wants of the Home Missionary Society. How did our Philanthropist bear this unkindness? There was no manifestation of anger. He returned good for evil. After his emotion had in some degree subsided, he arose and addressed the moderator. ‘Sir, I have only one child; I love her dearly, though her kindly spirit, her heavenly beauty, are not appreciated or seen by many. I have educated her, I have exerted myself for her success, I have devoted myself to her good. Sir, this child of my love is the American Peace Society. For her and in her name I wish to

make a donation for Home Missions. Make the American Peace Society a life member of the Missionary Society, and may God speed your efforts for her.’ He then retired. S. E. C.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Died, at Lowell, Oct. 20, 1842, in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. MARY A. BANCROFT, wife of Deacon Selwin Bancroft, and youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Pond, of Franklin. In the death of this lady, her connections and friends have sustained a great loss. Though unostentatious and retiring in her disposition, yet, in the estimation of those who knew her best, she was a person of no common excellence. She was not desirous of an extended acquaintance, but her friends were necessarily dear to her, and she never failed to endeavor herself to them. She was an amiable and affectionate wife, a tender and faithful mother, and a true and valued friend.

Her devotion to her family was constant and untiring. ‘She looked well to the time of her daily prayers and exertions. Her husband did safely trust in her.’ She did him good and not evil all the days of her life.”

She was the mother of five children, three of whom survive her. The responsibility of this important relation, she never overlooked or disregarded. The spiritual as well as temporal welfare of those whom God had given her, was an object of her daily prayers and exertions. She was particularly interested in the maternal associations, of which she was long an active and efficient member. In other religious and benevolent societies she took a prominent part, and was distinguishedly useful.

Mrs. Bancroft was early taught the great truths of religion. From her infancy, until the time of her marriage, which was Sep. 10, 1827, she was favored with the religious instruction of an eminently pious mother. She was brought up under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, whose lucid exhibitions of truth, early gave her a more than ordinary understanding of the gospel, and attached her strongly to his views of Christian doctrine and duty. In the summer of 1825, she became a hopeful subject of divine grace, and in 1827 united with the church in her native town. Her subsequent life was proof of the sincerity of her profession. Less ardent in her temperament, and less communicative in the presence of strangers than some others, she did not always exhibit the full strength of her piety to those who were not intimate with her. But to those who were intimate with her, she appeared not only truly but devotedly pious. She loved retirement, meditation and secret prayer. She was fond of reading religious books, especially the Bible, and in her last sickness expressed a resolution to meet the Lord on her knees, a constant study. In circumstances of afflictions, she was remarkably composed and submissive. She viewed all her friends as well as herself to be in the hands of God, and rightfully at his sovereign disposal, and when they were taken from her, she could sincerely say, ‘The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.’ She was always patient under suffering, and especially so in her last sickness, in which she appeared to be perfectly resigned to the will of God.—Though death at last came upon her suddenly, even while her physician and friends were looking for her recovery, yet she met it with composure and hope. Her husband deeply feels the loss, which he has sustained, for she was a circle of friends tenderly sympathize with him in his sore bereavement. May God grant them his presence, and make their affliction a greater blessing than any of their earthly friends could be instrumental of conferring.

IN LABORS ABUNDANT.
Nearly every Sabbath I have preached three times, and attended to my Bible class in the intermission. Besides this, excepting perhaps two months in harvest and sowing, (the evenings being short,) I have generally preached from two to five times in the week, sometimes more, and have endeavored to visit as much as circumstances would permit. No eastern minister needs more time in the study than I do. I do not learn that any of my people wish me to perform any more labor. The opposite of this has frequently of late been expressed. But when I see souls all around—parents, youth, and children, in imminent danger for eternity—when I find the greater portion of my beloved congregation impenitent, how can I rest? I need more faith, more love, more zeal, more self-denial, more knowledge, more of every qualification for the gospel ministry. God has not left me without seals of my ministry the past year. Glory to him alone. Your aid I have enlisted me to preach the Gospel where I trust, sinners by it have been brought to Christ. Fifteen have united with this church by profession during the past year. A few others have expressed hope, under my labors.

My congregation must soon commence a meeting-house. We cannot increase much until we have a new house; nor do I expect that we shall be independent of aid from abroad until one is erected.

Ren. S. Hardy, Placemaster, in Home Missionary for January.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.
There never was a time perhaps when sound doctrinal preaching was more needed than it is at the present time. An invidious distinction has been unfortunately made between doctrinal and practical preaching; and a disposition prevails to extol the latter at the expense of the former, not recollecting that correct principles are essentially necessary to correct practice. Indeed, in many sections, a proportionate degree of attention to doctrinal preaching would subject the Minister to the charge of cold orthodoxy, and want of zeal, if not want of piety itself. Those sermons which are not adapted to excite emotion, but which are designed to instruct and enlighten the understanding, are too frequently regarded as being dull, and comparatively useless. There is a general anxiety

take it from one we have not planted. God very commonly, as tribulation abounds, makes our consolation to abound. Is the Christian afflicted? His joy, his comfort is ended. He is near, that will bind up that broken heart. Yes, believer, your prayers are heard. Out of this very cloud that seems to darken the heavens, you shall hear the voice—‘Thou art my beloved son.’

With regard to supplies in time of exigency—we pray to have our wants supplied. We think of a certain quarter whence help will come. But we are woefully disappointed, no help appears. In this person, we say, we shall find a friend; but he is removed or dies, or is too much occupied. No help appears. But when we have weaned ourselves to find the way—all to no purpose—God opens an unseen door, and in such a manner as to show that ‘the Lord hath done it’—and thus sends the needed help. Our wisdom is to go to God with all our burdens, to lay them at his feet, and to leave the whole matter of our deliverance in his hands. He sees things from the beginning to the end—and will make all things, to those who love Him and call on his name, to work together for their everlasting good.—Epi. Rec.

FORGIVENESS.
There is no feeling more consistent with our human nature, or more in accordance with the dictates of the noble soul, than that which prompts us to forgive and forget an injury inflicted in days gone by. Yet reasonable as this may seem to the intelligent mind, still there are those who, unsatisfied with all the revenge that they could reap in life, would follow to the silent tomb, and engrave there the sins of youthful days. Yes, and we often even find those who profess to be followers of the ‘meek and lowly Jesus,’ in possession of this unforgiving spirit. Though in vain they search the great volume of inspiration—or gaze upon the broad page of nature’s works—no lesson is here taught, save that of forgiveness. And he who would follow the example and precept of his Master, must be willing even to forgive an enemy. Some may allege by way of excuse, that it is a task to forgive an intentional wrong; yet the experience of the world has proved that it is less difficult to forgive, than to seek a useless revenge. Where is the individual who would not seek his pillow with a heart more at ease, after having forgiven an enemy, than he who has imbed his hands in a fellow-being’s blood? The spirit of forgiveness yields more happiness to the possessor, than can possibly be enjoyed by any one deprived of this feeling. Then, if we would enjoy the reward of virtue—and escape the lasting pang of remorse—let us be ever ready to extend the hand of forgiveness to those who have wronged us. By taking this course, we shall strengthen the bonds of friendship—give peace to the mind—and prepare the soul for a flight beyond the tomb. If you would learn the fate of the unforgiving heart, go to the prison house, or stand beside the scaffold, and you will see the result of revenge and crime. Ask the victim who is about to pay the forfeit of his guilt, by yielding up his life, why in the prime of life he stands upon the verge of eternity? and the answer comes back upon your ear that tells in accents loud ‘the revenue of an unforgiving injury.’ But how different the last moment of the dying Christian—he ever prays for those who have revenged themselves on him, and with a smile forgives the world, as his spirit is about to seek a ‘mansion in the skies.’ [Whitchell Chronicle.]

LAST TRIP OF THE BRITANNIA.
The following description of the late passage of the Steamer Britannia, from Liverpool to Boston, is graphic and interesting. There is nothing in this experience of the Britannia, that we are aware of, that is peculiar to a steam vessel; although it is common, at such times, to speak of the superior safety of the sailing ship. Which ever mode of navigation may, on the whole, be safest, it is certain that thus far the Atlantic steam passages have been wonderfully exempt from disasters which have involved the loss of life. Hard weather at sea is hard enough in the best ship, and those who in the pitiless storm are sheltered from the dangers of a comfortable home, should read such descriptions as these now and then, to remind them of the poor sailor, whose ‘soul is melted because of trouble,’ when the stormy wind is raised and the waves lifted up. This description is given by a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser:—

“We left Liverpool about noon of the 4th inst. During the first week we had delightful weather; indeed it was too good to be exactly seasonable. During that time our progress was rapid, and we began to hope that we should even arrive at Boston by the end of a fortnight from the time of our leaving Liverpool. But about eleven o’clock of Sunday night, (the 11th) the wind became strong from the West, and changing afterward to the Northwest and North, increased to a terrific gale. About five o’clock of Monday morning, a tremendous sea struck us and carried away a large portion of the bulwarks on the starboard side. So vast was the mountain wave which beat upon our ship, that it not only carried away the bulwarks on that side, but actually drove them over the saloon, which you know is on the deck, and descending upon the larboard side, carried away the bulwarks there also. So vast and so high was the sea that passed over us, that it carried away one of the lower sails of the mizzenmast, and stripped the roof of the saloon of the brass balustrade or railing which encompassed it. The boat aloft, behind the starboard wheel, was stove in by the same sea, and shortly afterward was carried wholly away by another. The quantity of water which was for a few minutes upon the ship was immense, and the first idea we had was that she would never rise upon the waters. But rise she did, and most lustily did she shake her from her billows which accumulated upon her.—Soon after another sea carried away our starboard bulwarks; so that we were exposed to the sea let it come from almost any quarter.

“Through the goodness of God, we passed safely through this season of deep anxiety, without the loss of life, but the hazard was imminent. Our excellent Captain Hewitt—who is really one of the best officers and most agreeable men with whom I have ever sailed—was very near being lost. The sea that carried away our bulwarks on both sides of the vessel, behind the wheels, caught him and the third mate as they were on the starboard deck, and carried them along the side of the saloon with great violence against the bulwarks on the stern. There the influence of the waters was so great that the captain was carried over the top, and while his legs were caught by a rope which is attached to the sparker-boom (called the sparker-boom-guy) he caught hold of the iron railing which runs round the bulwarks on that part of the ship, and there held fast, in the meanwhile submerged in the waves which continued to roll over him. At length he dragged himself overboard, and getting hold of a pin and afterward of a rope, held on, and was safe. The third mate, on the contrary, was carried round toward the wheel attached to the helm, and catching hold, in his progress, of the ladder which leads to the roof of the saloon, held on till the sea was overpast.

“Neither the captain nor the mate was seriously injured, though both, and particularly the former, received some severe bruises. On the other hand, two of the men were hurt, and one of them so seriously, that it is by no means certain that he will recover.—Poor fellow! He was caught by a sea, as he was attaching some spars to block up in some measure the gap made in our starboard bulwarks, and dashed against the adjacent corner of the saloon, and four or five of his ribs were broken. His case excited no little sympathy among the passengers, 35 or 36 in number—31 in the cabin, and four or five in the steerage—who made up a purse of seven or eight sovereigns for him, or for his wife, if he should survive this injury.

“One of the seamen was carried by a sea, which swept over us to the larboard side, and just as he was going overboard, was caught by one of the mates, and thus saved from a miserable death in the waves.

“But God be praised! These accidents were trifles in comparison with the destruction with which we were threatened, and which for a time appeared to be inevitable.”

prevalent among ministers to obtain large immediate results, without perhaps sufficiently considering future consequences. Like the farmer, who in his ambition to amass immediate wealth, impoverishes his land, and destroys its future productiveness. The want of sound doctrinal preaching has certainly brought the different churches in many sections of our country, into a very fluctuating condition. What is it that enables the glaring delusions of Mormonism, and Millerism, and Newlightism of a hundred different kinds, to obtain such extensive prevalence, and overturn with such ease large and apparently flourishing congregations, but the want of thorough indoctrination into the truths and principles of the Word of God. It seems that the declaration of Jehovah by his inspired prophet, is in many places literally fulfilled: ‘My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me: seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children.’ Hosea 4: 6.

DIGNITY IN THE PULPIT.
As affectation is never graceful, no coarseness is never effective. There is no force nor wit in slang or cant expressions; or if they excite attention for the moment, it is at the expense of the house of God, the ministry, and the Gospel itself, by pandering to a low taste, and investing sacred things with ludicrous and grovelling associations. The man who plays the buffoon or the clown in a pulpit, leaves not that solemn place what he found it. However dignified the preacher may be that follows him, the people cannot look up to listen, and forget the tricks that were played where he stands; vulgar puerility will long for the gross excitement, and the refined cannot wholly discharge the sickening images from their thoughts. Let none the monstrous laugh ring round a place of worship, and its echoes will disturb the meditations of the pious for many a long day. Why do we spend years in the study of ancient and modern masters of language, why do we separate ourselves from the ruler though honorable pursuits of the world; why do we imitate the pretensions of a pure and sublime God, if he be not to attain chasteness of diction, purity of thought, and holy elevation of soul? He that is full of love to God and man, will never be vulgar in his conceptions; and a student of his own language need never be vulgar in his discourse. An eminent divine once said that ‘a clean soul never dwells in a dirty body;’ so we may say, that gross words never came but from a gross mind.

To preserve an entire dignity, requires a scrupulous and thorough care. Nothing should be suffered to break the edifying charm. The pulpit itself deserves to be entered with deliberate respect. It is an impressive custom of the Church of England, and for the most part, a place of step in silent prayer. Such honor is due to the place and the service. The manuscript should not be adjusted, nor any petty arrangement made during the singing, as if praise were a form with which a minister has nothing to do. The books ought to be handled with a quiet reverence, and not flung about, nor thumped on as mere found matter. The Holy Volume contains the words of eternal life. It lies upon the desk as a sacrifice on an altar, reminding us of the great Sacrifice that finished all expiation. Nor should it be laid aside to make room for our notes, nor closed up as we begin an extemporaneous exhortation, as though we had no use for it except in the form of taking a text. It is the Word of God, and if we reverence in spirit the truth it contains, we will treat with some outward respect the book itself. The *Amen* at the close of prayer is not an unmeaning note of termination, nor the benediction a mere *licet erui*; both need a full and solemn enunciation, and the latter should never be pronounced except the auditory be waiting solemnly to receive it. We have no right to give the blessing of Almighty God to a disorderly people. The very notices should be read, not pompously indeed, as if we were preaching them, but with a proper distinctness, showing that they are worth hearing, for those unworthy such regard have no right to be there.

Above all, the sacred names of God, the Holy Spirit and the blessed Jesus, must never be pronounced without reverence, awe, and when possible should be preceded or followed by some epithet or ascription of praise. Such was our apostle’s habit, and among his richest bursts of holy feeling are those struck from his heart by the mention of the names he loved to adore. We cannot be too holy in our Sabbath duties, and that holiness should appear.—Dr. Bethune’s Oration at Andover.

“ROW ON.”
For the first five years of my professional life,” once said a gentleman to us, “I had to row against wind and stream and tide.” “And what did you do?” was our question. “Do,” replied he, “to, why, I rowed on, to be sure.” And so he did row on, and to a good purpose, too, until he came to the open sea; took favorable breezes, and brought his voyage to a successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation of worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character, deep and clear, on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality, worth more than a monarch’s crown, in the respectful memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to “row on” with unflinching courage, and steady perseverance.

All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements—the only way, therefore, is to “row on.” Decision of character—determination of will—the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end—this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are ‘hoys’ in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will despair; every thing seems to be against him, but let him not be cast down—let him “row on” and by and by matters will very likely grow brighter.

As with the poor man, so with all men. Head winds are to be expected, contrary currents will commonly come; the tide does not always run with us, but never mind, “row on,” pull the harder, till the oars bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavors.—Those who have risen from obscurity to eminence; those who from being poor have become rich; those who, born in the midst of ignorance, have forced their way among the learned—those who have made themselves, and made themselves well, have generally been those who understood the importance of “rowing on.” “Faint heart never won fair lady,” nor any thing else.—Newburyport Herald.

BOSTON RECORDER.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1843.

OUR ENLARGEMENT.

We present the subscribers of the Recorder to-day with an enlarged sheet, yet not so much enlarged, we trust, as to be awkward or inconvenient. We have likewise, as will be seen, adopted a fairer type, by which improvement we hope to make our weekly labors more gratefully acceptable to our numerous readers. We indulge the confident belief, that this augmentation of our efforts and expenses will be met by a corresponding enlargement of the means by which we labor and live.

OUR OWN PROPHECIES.

We have not caught the spirit of modern soothsayers. When our readers shall have perused the present chapter on this topic they will be comforted that we are still on safe ground.

1. There will be hard times this year. All sorts of transgressors will find them hard. We have nothing to say about divine judgments, but this we may say, conscience will accuse and reproach them, and divine truth will frown upon them. The past will bring up its charges, and the future will lift up its voice. There will be tears and sighs among those who will then find it an evil thing and a bitter, to depart from the living God.

2. But there will be good times. We expect there will be time, and more of it than some of our contemporaries allow. They think we shall be disappointed, but we give the subject a better view, will not fail. And in the progress of the year, praying men will enjoy prayer, and temperance men a good conscience—and studious men study—and those that go forth weeping, bearing sad, shall come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. They that water often, shall be watered themselves. Doing good will this year cause faithful souls to taste of the fatness of the Lord's house, and to drink of the rivers of his pleasures. Spiritual joy is a plant that will this year flourish luxuriantly in every well cultivated heart.

3. There will be many failures in business. Every backslider will be a case. We fear some of these will be bad failures, like that of Judas; others more like Peter's. If any of them should not resume business, it will not be for the want of a more valuable bankrupt law. The statute book contains it, Isa. 55: 7. Let the wicked forsake his way, &c. If any should wish to know the process of taking advantage of this law, they can consult the case of the Prodigal Son.

We confidently expect many failures in business among Satan's servants. We trust multitudes of them will give up their present occupation entirely, and in doing so, they shall find an infinitely more honorable and lucrative employment in trafficking in a merchandise which shall be better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

4. There will be many disappointments this year. Many that shall try to quiet their souls in sin, will see their endeavors fail. The covering they shall prepare to hide their iniquities from their own eyes will not be large enough, that a man can wrap himself in it. There will be disappointment for those who, by making the world their supreme god, shall expect substantial happiness from it. The proud, the selfish, the sensual, the ambitious, the covetous, shall find anticipated pleasures bursting bubbles.

We trust there will be not a few who will find agonizing disappointments, the pursuit of which had despoiled of the return of a prodigal son; the drooping saint, in the unexpected return of the light of God's countenance; the pastor in the revival of a stupid and despairing disciple—the unemployed and disheartened minister in an open field of labor—the creditor in regaining a lost debt—the publisher in the return of old patrons, and the paying up of old scores—lenders of books in seeing them safely restored.

5. Though not Almanac makers, we unite with them in reference to *Eclipses*. The covetous disciple will cast a shade over his own character. So will the saint that bridleth not his tongue, and he too that shall be familiar with the phrase, "I pray thee have me excused," and he also that shall be a sweet and loving disciple abroad, and a very sour and unlovely one at home; and he that shall be tardy and slack in the fulfillment of contracts and promises; he that shall be slow to hear and swift to speak, and not slow to wrath, and he that shall get the reputation of being more skillful and wise in the things of the world, than in the things of the kingdom of God. We fear about it, but we should be glad if the gaze of the keenest observers of the firmament of Zion should not be able to discern a single eclipse this year; but should find all the larger and lesser luminaries, shining in undiminished brilliancy.

Believing these few specimens of soothsaying are quite as much as our readers will, for the present, care for, we will close them with an expression of our most cordial congratulations on the return of the New Year, and the desire that every needful temporal and spiritual blessing may be theirs this year, and that favor of the Lord shall prepare them for an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom.

ANNUAL MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION.

The Annual United Monthly Concert was held at Park St. Church, on Monday evening last. The packet due at last concert not having arrived until the morning after the meeting, and another having arrived since, there were on this occasion the communications of two mails from the missionary stations. The intelligence was presented, however, in a more concise manner than usual, in consequence of this being the annual meeting, at which it is customary to devote more time to addresses.

From the Syrian mission, accounts had been received to the 5th of Oct. A letter from Mr. Thompson, dated at Mt. Lebanon, an extract from which was read by the Secretary, gave a concise view of the condition and prospects of the mission. The Sultan, it appeared, did not intend to restore the native princes of the Druses to power, if he could avoid it. A popish government on the mountains would exclude our mission. A Druse government would be favorable. A Turkish government would fill the country with uncertainty and confusion.

The hopes of the mission were built upon taking the Druses as a body, under its influence and instruction; an idea which Mr. Thompson conceived to be a rather chimerical one. There was already a general inclination among them to seek instruction from the missionaries, and they would no doubt move together, as a body.

Brethren.—The Secretary spoke of the two translations of the Scriptures—that of Mr. Good-

ale into the Turkish language, with the Armenian character, and that (the old Testament) of Mr. Schaffner, into the Hebrew, Spanish, or the Spanish as spoken and written by the Jews at Constantinople. A letter from Mr. Schneider, at Broome, showed how these translations had affected the people. A friend had stated to him that as he was one day reading Mr. Schaffner's translation, a neighbor came in, and requested him to read aloud, which he did. The man was interested and surprised, and expressed his doubts whether it really was the Old Testament, the very book which was read daily in his own church (though in a language the ancient Armenian, which rendered it a sealed book to him) and took it home for examination. Others also had desired to hear the translation read, so that it had become quite a task to comply with their requests.

In reference to Mr. Schaffner's translation, Mr. Schneider, in a letter of June 10, stated, that Mr. Schaffner, on completing it, had called on a Jewish Rabbi, to obtain his approbation of it and promote its circulation among the Jews. The Rabbi expressed himself highly pleased with it, and promised to take it into the synagogue and show it to the people, giving them permission to receive it. There was in consequence quite a return for the books. Mr. Schaffner, on his return from Vienna, had been favorably received by the Jews of all classes, and even by the Rabbis. So that there is likely to be a free circulation among the Jews of the Old Testament, in their own vernacular tongue.

The Nestorians.—A letter from Dr. Grant, written among the mountains of Kurdistan, Sept. 13, that what he had been for two months a solitary pilgrim in the fastnesses of these wild mountains; but yet not alone, for he had an agreeable companion in a bishop, who had accompanied him from Oromiah; and he had renewed his former friendly acquaintance with the powerful chief by whom he had formerly been received with great attention. On the whole, Dr. Grant remarks, that with the favor of the highest civil and religious authorities, our fault will be great if we neglect to enter the door which has been opened into the country of the Independent Nestorians. The fact that the door was thus open, would be sure to expose the country to the inroads of our enemies, the Papists.

Amelung.—A letter from Mr. Ballantine, of Sept. 26, mentioned that eight new Malabar converts had been received into the church, all of whom came from different classes, and would be prepared, therefore, to exert an influence upon different circles of society.

Madura.—A missionary had been commenced, upon a plan similar to that at Ceylon, with 30 pupils gathered from the boarding schools.

China.—In respect to China, the Secretary remarked, that whatever might be the faith of the Chinese in carrying out the treaty of peace with England, or whatever might be the opinion of the war, all must agree, that a momentous effort of human action had been here exhibited. People were not awake to its full magnitude. The great Gulf between civilization and the heathen people had been bridged, and it might now be filled up, and the way of the Lord prepared. We were not sufficiently aware of the progress of events, all tending towards the universal spread of the Gospel. (A map was exhibited, by which the audience had a clear view of the relative position of the important ports and places in China, the command or occupation of which had given the British so much power over the Chinese, and the opening of which to free commerce, must be regarded as an opening for the introduction of the Gospel; for wherever commerce can go, the Gospel cannot be excluded.) How far Christian missionaries would have access to the Chinese, in consequence of late events, could not be known; but if the port made free by the treaty with England, should really become free to the commerce of the world, or by any one Christian nation, it was enough to serve as a warning to the church, to gird up its loins to the great effort of planting the gospel there. Our responsibilities as individual Christians were increasing at a fearful rate.

Sandwich Islands.—Facts were communicated from the favored ground, in reference to two points only, and those of great interest. A letter from Dr. Baldwin, at Lahaina, July 18, gave an account of the continuation or rather renewal of the revival at several stations. Mr. Thurston's labors at Kaihau had been greatly blessed, 500 having been added to the church during the year. Other stations were sharing also in the blessing. At Lahaina the congregations were never more full, except in 1839. The revivals had not returned in its full strength, but there was a general feeling among the natives that the time for the return of the Spirit had come. Many female convicts, who had been sent to the island of Lanai, had been hopelessly turned to the Lord. There was much prayer among the pious, and much evidence of pure faith.

The second point alluded to was the Temperance reformation. Dr. Baldwin states that 13 chiefs, and about 1300 of the people of Lahaina, had espoused the cause, in consequence of the altered course of the King. The following is the form of pledge adopted:—

"We, the signers of this pledge, unite ourselves in a society for the purpose of putting an end to the use of intoxicating liquors in the Sandwich Islands."

"Therefore, we pledge ourselves before God and men, to forsake entirely the use of all intoxicating drinks, nor will we drink distilled liquors nor wine, nor anything that intoxicates. We will not drink in imitation of others, nor to the health of others, nor for pleasure. We will not buy nor sell nor give to others intoxicating drinks, nor will we do any thing opposed to the spirit of this pledge; but will do all in our power, and which is proper for us to do, to put an end to the use of intoxicating drinks among all men."

Annual Summary.—The collections at the Monthly Concerts the past year, were stated to have been as follows:

At the United Annual Concerts in January,	175.00
At Park street Church, eleven months,	1,020.73
At Park street Church, one month,	32.00
At Phillips Church, South Boston,	46.53
At New Church, East Boston,	100.00
	\$1,674.26

being 348.73 more than the preceding year. The collection at Park St. had been increased, and that at Salem St. more than doubled.

The contributions of the churches in Boston for the last five years, were given as follows:

In 1838	\$10,828
" 1839	10,773
" 1840	11,408
" 1841	14,000
" 1842	16,357

being an advance for five years, of 33 per cent. The legacies during the five years had been 25,000 dollars, and are not included in the above.

After addresses from Rev. Messrs. Kirk and

HOME MISSIONS.

Notes from the Home Missions, for January 1843.

IOWA.

The River towns.—These are the great points of moral influence—the thoroughfares of all the immigrants into the Territory. In all the important ones, from Fort Madison to St. Peters, the Catholics have erected churches, or rather, *Miss houses*, and are establishing schools. "The children of this world are wiser, &c."

Tolebo.—A subscription has been raised, and with other aid derived from funds in Massachusetts, a brick house of worship is immediately to be erected. Rev. C. R. Fish finds encouragement in his labors.

ILLINOIS.

Elgin.—Rev. Mr. Clark has received to the church during the year 35 members. The whole number is 122. The congregation is large and would be larger but for the small size of the house. At Dundee also there have been 5 or 6 hopeful conversions, and a great change has been wrought in the external morals of the people.

Greenfield.—A little church of 11 has increased to more than 30. God was present at a recent meeting in the grove, and Christians were greatly refreshed, while some thirty, who had been strangers to the covenants of promise, became savingly acquainted with Christ.

Virgil.—This is a small settlement—where till lately there was no church, but where the Missionary has labored not in vain, and 20 have passed from death unto life—most of them in the vigor of youth. The little church lately organized, will become a lighthouse, saving multitudes from the shipwreck of their souls.

Canton.—A Swedenborgian minister laboring here a few weeks, found a multitude of temporary followers, and organized a church of 25 members. Nor would it be surprising if this living spirit, like others in the West, should deceive some of the very elect. The enemy of all good is fruitful in devices to possess and retain this large and glorious field which Christ claims for his own.

Versailles.—At a camp meeting in September, where "was no undue and extravagant excitement," some 10 or 18 were hopefully renewed in the spirit of their mind, and continue steadfast.

Not a few Christians were stirred up to more earnestness and efficiency in the Lord's service; and the wicked were mysteriously foiled in their devices. Among the converted were a "hard customer," and a "Mary Magdalene."

Ontario Presbytery.—Within the bounds of this body, lying in the New England section of the State, three churches have just been formed, and four or more will soon be formed, with a determination to maintain the worship of God. Three churches also have obtained supplies, 8 churches are wholly unsupported, and two or three more, are but partially supplied. "We want more," is the language of the Report—

"We want more." Mr. Morris writes, that "the last year has been a period of advance." The church has been strengthened by the addition of several excellent members, and by the excommunication of one or two who are leading men of the village. Attendance on public worship has increased, and the spirit of God descends in sweet and heavenly power on the hearts of the brethren. Evangelical principles are in the ascendancy, and the kingdom of the Redeemer, though slowly, is steadily advancing.

INDIANA.

Boonville.—Rev. Mr. Butler records the union of different denominations in a protracted meeting, resulting happily in the refreshment of Christians, the awakening of more than 40 of the impenitent, and the Christian hope of about 30.

Dayton.—A revival commenced here at Oxford, under the preaching of Rev. Mr. Caraban about the beginning of 1842, which continues to the present time, and 65 have been received to the church on profession of their faith.

Greencastle.—During a protracted meeting, 56 were added to the church under the care of Rev. Mr. Shields, and dozens now are deeply awakened. From hoary age, down to the young of 13 years, some of all classes have become subjects of the work.

TENNESSEE.

Bentonville.—Rev. Mr. Saye of this church, reports that the church of C. has been visited by the Holy Spirit, and the former enmity among the brethren has been subdued, and many of the impenitent have been brought to the foot of the cross. 14 have been added on profession, and 2 restored. "There seems to be a good many cases of awakening throughout my missionary field."

Knox County.—At a sacramental meeting in Tazewell, several were hopefully converted, and five attached themselves to the church. More than one hundred subscribed the temperance pledge—the people have banished the traffic in ardent spirits, and employed a minister to locate among them instead thereof. At Jackboro', the result of a sacramental meeting in August, was the solemn attention of the people, the deep concern of many for the salvation of their souls, and an evident change of heart in several. At a days meeting, in a densely populated neighborhood, about 30 appeared for baptism, and 2 were admitted to the church. In another part of the county, Rev. Mr. Dyke had the happiness of seeing 36 hopefully converted during the progress of a protracted meeting in September, and many more were enquiring. "The work is still going on, protesting sinners on every hand."

MICHIGAN.

St. Clair.—Rev. Mr. Thompson has some tokens of the omnipotence of Grace. Five Sabbath schools are established within the range of his labors.

Grand Blanc.—Bible classes are attended by nearly the whole congregation during the intervals of public service; and infidels and sceptics are thus brought under the influence of truth. The Universalists have made a desperate effort to introduce their sentiments, and entice the youth into their ranks.

Piquette.—A very pleasant change has been going on through the year in the community that enjoys the labors of Rev. Mr. Hardy. Party spirit has subsided. The temperance cause has advanced. The Sabbath school has been maintained with interest. Several of the scholars venture to hope that they have passed from death to life. Some conversions have been made to the church. Much occasion for gratitude. Says a missionary—

"God has not left me without seals of my ministry the past year. Glory to him alone! I may have enabled me to preach the gospel, where I trust the names of the People of the People of Christ. Fifteen have united with this church by profession. A few others have expressed

hope under my labors." A meeting house must soon be commenced.

Grand Chagres.—Thirteen years ago the population of Michigan was less than 30,000, now it is more than 200,000; only ten churches of our order then existed; now there are more than 100. Large villages have sprung up, which was then an unbroken wilderness. Difficulties and privations have been triumphantly encountered.

Lapeer.—Six months since, the church had 25 members. 25 have since been added by profession and letter—the fruits of a blessed revival. But great numbers of churches are almost entirely destitute of the preaching of the Gospel.

OHIO.

Cabotown.—Three years and a half since, this church had but 14 members. It has now 53. There was then no Sabbath school; now there are two, averaging 40 scholars each. There was no meeting house; now there is a good one; the congregation then averaged 50; now it averages 150. 23 have been added to the church the past year.

Marion Presbytery.—This body has devised the excellent plan of supplying the people of every neighborhood where a congregation can be collected, with preaching once a month, by dividing the territory into circuits, and each circuit into stations, where each minister will fulfill his regular appointments.

NEW-YORK.

Cohoes.—Mr. Gray found a congregation of 30 when he came here; now the house is full, and the church and congregation the largest in the village. 40 have been added to the church the past year. Much has been accomplished in the cause of temperance, Bible classes, and Sabbath schools.

CANADA.

Huntingdon.—Thirty-six miles from this, Rev. Mr. Dohy has formed a church of 17 members, to be governed on the principles of the Presbytery of the United States. A Sabbath school and two weekly prayer meetings are established, and meetings are held on the Sabbath for prayer and exhortation, over which an elder presides—a young man, and captain of a steamboat, of remarkably fine disposition and good talents, who was hopefully converted about a year since.

Seven new missionaries have been appointed, and twenty one re-appointed. The receipts into the treasury during November, were \$4,753.94.

REMARKS.

1. The indications of God's favor toward the feeble churches are multiplying.

2. Demands for missionary labors are becoming every month more and more urgent, as new fields white for the harvest.

3. The Home Missionary cause needs a more liberal support, and must have it, unless we are prepared to yield the land into the possession of the enemy of all righteousness.

4. There is reason to hope that this cause is taking stronger hold on the public mind by every passing month. So far as the religious papers form an index of public sentiment, it is clear that the claims of the country that has given us birth, and civil and religious liberty on the part of beneficence, are more justly appreciated than a few years ago.

5. The friends of Home Missions have the least reason of all men to become weary in well doing. The regeneration of the world depends more, under God, on the ascendancy of evangelical religion, and the universal diffusion of the spirit of the Puritans throughout our population, than on all other instrumentalities. Let infidelity, Romanism, and Fanaticism, triumph here, and the pall of death covering the nations will not be removed for ages. But let the American Zion rise to her duty, and put on strength, and clothe herself in the garments of salvation, and not a single age shall pass away ere it shall be proclaimed from the dwellers in the ends of the earth, "Thy God, O Zion, reigns!"

A DIVINE PURPOSE.

One of the grand purposes of God is that the earth shall be filled with his glory, as the waters cover the sea. The whole Christian church rejoice in the belief of universal reign of holiness. Here is a pre-determination of God, producing an inflexible certainty. Heaven and earth may pass away, but his word shall not pass away.

It has been said that a belief in the divine decrees tended to throw the mind into a state of sloth and inactivity—that it discouraged all exertion—that it fostered a species of fatalism which cut the sinews of effort, and resolved the moral world into a kind of machinery, which being moved by an omnipotent hand, superceded altogether the enterprise and industry of man.

But what is the actual operation upon truly spiritual and holy minds of the doctrine of the divine purpose to make "the wilderness as Eden, and the desert as the garden of the Lord." Does not the announcement of that purpose awaken not only the most animated and happy hope; but the most vigorous exertions? Who of this world's population, are so bent upon the work of evangelizing the whole mass as those who most firmly believe that an inflexible purpose of God touches this very point. Their confidence in the certainty of that event could not be greater. They had a profound conviction that the word of God shall triumph in all lands. But does this throw them into lethargy? Does it lead them to feel that they have nothing to do with this glorious result? Do they regard the divine decree as so settling the matter that all that remains for them is simply to await with folded arms the coming of those times which God has put in his own power?

On the other hand, is there a greater stimulus to all the forms of self-sacrificing labor than this very irreversible purpose of God? Had no such purpose been announced and no light shone on the certainty of the event, would there have been such a readiness of heart as to greatly to paralyze exertion? Would the soldiers of the cross move in that case with the zeal, boldness and hope that now animates them? Would there have been as it is now is

"The strength to suffer, and the will to serve." With such a mass of guilt and pollution before them, the gigantic superstitious of pagan nations, consolidated by the progress of centuries, and entrenched in the human heart by attracting to their support all the powerful passions of corrupt minds with such obstacles frowning upon them, with what comparatively feeble hearts and hands would the servants of Christ have gone forth to evangelize the world, had there been no announcement of a divine purpose concerning the world's redemption. But that purpose is recorded. The palaces and towers of superstition shall fall. The fountains of the great deep shall be broken up. The kingdom of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. What animating power this announcement has

to the servants of the Saviour? It lifts up the hands that hang down, and confirms the feeble knees. What joy have the purposes of God awakened in pious hearts! What inspiration have they given to the spirit of prayer! What the mission of holy exultation they have been to the missionaries of the cross! How often they come, in the hour of darkness and discouragement, to rouse the fainting soldier to grasp again his fallen weapons, and renew the conflict! The certainty of triumph and glorious result, made inflexible by the expressed purpose of God, has been the most animating of all considerations which have ever appeared to the mind. It has been the death of sloth, the life of love and zeal.

There is no natural tendency in the doctrine of predestination, rightly understood, to encourage the inactivity of men. What portion of our race have been more earnest, active, watchful, and prayerful in securing their own salvation, than those who have maintained them? And where has self-sacrifice been so abundant, the free expenditure of property and life, to bring all men to the knowledge of the truth?

Predestination, or those who have believed in the purposes of God respecting the moral affairs of this world, have been the bone and muscle of those great enterprises which contemplate the universal triumph of holiness. These purposes have been like that cheering voice which greets the mariner, who faint and desponding, yet clings to the wreck. It sends the ebbing current of life with new power through his veins. He revives, is roused to new exertion, and is saved. So break the glad sound of the purposes of God concerning human redemption on the ears of lovers of souls. The spiritual pulse quicken. The very brightness with which the hand becomes strong, the feet swift. He hath purposed and will do it. Therefore will thy servants arise and build.

TEMPLE OF JUGUATH.—The British India Government has not yet thoroughly washed its hands of this monstrous idolatry. The festival is no longer made a means of increasing the public revenue; but it is so far under the patronage of the government, as to receive an annual donation from the public treasury of about 200,000 rupees; which is enough to enable the interested priests to keep up the delusion that the government still pays homage to the divinity of the idol. A correspondent of the "Friend of India"—a missionary—gives an account of a late festival of Jugguath at Orissa, by which it seems that the wickedness and misery of the system has been abated, and that even sacrifices of human life still continue. The missionaries improved the occasion to distribute tracts. The account states that ten thousand Orissa books were distributed at the festival, and that as many people, or more, "heard something of the folly of idolatry and the only hope of sinful man."

SABBATH IN NEW ORLEANS.—It is an indication that the Sabbath is coming to be more respected in New Orleans, that the proprietor of the American Theatre has announced his determination not to open his theatre on Sunday evenings. The reason assigned for the proprietor, for this change, is curious, and indicates low religious principle in him. He says he was glad to give him credit for it. He says, he believes public opinion on the subject has undergone a change; and that as he was the first to gratify public opinion by opening the theatre on Sunday, so he will be the first to close it in respect to the same power. We cannot expect much real good from such a principle as this, which is, to follow the public taste, right or wrong. Nevertheless, it is an excellent thing to close the theatre on Sunday evenings—let the motive which led to it be what it may. It is a matter of rejoicing, too, that public opinion is getting right. We hope it will continue to improve, till by its faithful influence the theatre is closed every evening of the week.

FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN AMERICA.—At a recent anniversary of a Methodist Sabbath School in New York, it was stated by one of the speakers, that the first regular Sunday school established in America, was organized by Bishop Ashbury, in 1783, in Hanover, Virginia; and that five years afterwards, Dr. Rush and Bishop White of Philadelphia, established schools in that city. The same speaker stated, that "out of 150,000 children who received instruction at the Hibernian Society school, not one had ever been convicted of crime, and that of all the convicts at Botany Bay, one only had ever been a Sunday scholar."

The first Sunday school in Boston was the Mason St. school, established in 1816, by the Boston Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Poor. Originally such schools were designed for poor children, and those who had no other means of instruction, and especially no religious education at home; and the instruction imparted in them was not exclusively religious. How great has been the change in the object as well as in the extent of these institutions, which are now spread over the whole land so as to embrace all classes and conditions of children in their benevolent design.

LOTTERIES IN CALCUTTA.—This species of gambling was condemned sixteen years ago by the English Parliament, from a thorough conviction of their demoralizing tendency; and yet lotteries are authorized and upheld by the Government of British India. There is a State or Government Lottery in Calcutta, kept up for the purpose of obtaining funds for the improvement of the city. The "Friend of India" complains that the State Lottery gives birth to subsidiary lotteries—individuals purchasing a number of tickets and establishing minor lotteries upon them—in which great fraud and iniquity are practised; and that multitudes of individuals, Christian, Mahomedan, and Heathen, are daily drawn into the vortex of gambling and vice, which these lotteries create. Such measures of enlightened Christian governments are among the most powerful counteracting influences with which Christian missionaries are called to contend, in their efforts to spread the Gospel among the heathen.

THE LATEST HURRIC.—We have received through the mail—postage unpaid—the announcement which is below. It is the last novelty of which we have heard. It may look to our readers like insanity, and perhaps blasphemy, but in either of these respects it will only keep company with many other of the fancies and fictions of the day:—

"His heavenly majesty, John Coffin Nazro, King of Eloquence, Priest of the Most High God, Ordained by Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Archbishop of the Holy Land and of the Whole World—The Angel of the Apocalypse, Trinitarian, or Great Jewish Church, of the Church of the People of the People of the Saints of the Most High, under the whole Gospel, will preach from The Everlasting Heaven in Boston, as quickly as possible."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

During the progress of the recent treaty with the Chippewas, at La Pointe, on Lake Superior, a temperance meeting was held, and a large number of the kind ever held so far northwest by a hundred miles. A particular description of this novel spectacle is given by the Green Bay Republican. A large number of Indians were present. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Stuart, Indian Agent, and by Rev. Mr. Hall, who said he had been in the country eleven years, but till within three years had not seen an Indian drunk.

A member of the American Fur company pledged himself that the Company would send no more whiskey to the country. They had heretofore sent great quantities, but they had found that whiskey-drinking Indians made poor hunters, and that they did not pay their traders. The Attorney General of Michigan was present, and told the Indians that he used to drink whiskey till he found it was his enemy, and then he cast it off; and that the Indians ought to war against it and drive it out of their country as they would an enemy. The Indian Chiefs having been invited to speak, one of them expressed his surprise that a government agent, whose only duty it was to make the treaty and the payment, should meddle in such little matters. Another said he thought Mr. Stuart would like a little whiskey if there was none to see him drink.

Another, named "Hole-in-the-day," asked if the white people had given up drink. Mr. Stuart answered him, that most of the good people had. Another made a very sensible speech, as follows: "I am glad to see you here, if you will stay, and work mischief in our nation, the good effects of our schools will be lost, and the labors of our teachers (the missionaries) will not bring any good; for drinking whiskey and good instruction don't mix up well together." Almost all the principal men of the nation, it is said, signed the pledge. The Indians will be likely to keep the pledge, for unfaithfulness is a vice which the white people have not yet succeeded in learning them.

At a late meeting of the Directors of the Syracuse and Utica Railroad, a resolution was passed, that no person shall hereafter be employed on the road who makes use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

At a temperance meeting in Washington city, last week, a gold medal was presented by the Agatha Marshall Society, of New York, to Mr. Thomas F. Marshall, Member of Congress from Kentucky, who is conspicuous as a reformed drunkard. This would have been a foolish thing under any circumstances; but in case of Mr. Marshall it is especially so.

The Temperance cause is making great progress in Nova Scotia. The Halifax Recorder states that "the public mind is gradually preparing for a universal adoption of the principles on which temperance associations are founded."

John Hawkins, the Washingtonian, is lecturing to large audiences, with much success, in the western part of this State.

We will conclude this chapter on Temperance by recording two or three illustrations of the necessity of still continuing to preach total abstinence:—

"The effects of that horrible malady *mania potu*, were exhibited on board the steamboat *Swallow*, on her last trip from New Orleans to this place. A deck passenger, named Louis Grunier, under the influence of this disorder, without any cause or provocation, drew a knife and rushed into the middle of the cabin, and commenced in severely wounding number of them, (none dangerously), and immediately after jumped overboard and was drowned."

"At Natchez, on the night of the 7th ult. Mr. Laughlin, deputy marshal, went to arrest a Mr. Gallagher, keeper of a drinking establishment, for some petty offence, and to take him before the Mayor. The officer and his prisoner got drunk together, and then started for the Mayor's office. After getting about half way, Gallagher refused to proceed further. A fight ensued, and the marshal, after knocking down his prisoner several times, drew a pistol and shot him. The wound was considered dangerous."

"On Thursday evening 15th Dec. Capt. Turner was lecturing at the Court House, before the Washingtonian Society, some half a dozen drunken sailors belonging to a schooner at Fairport, were driving furiously to and fro the streets, singing and yelling at the top of their voices. Next morning, the sailors, still frantic with rum and revel, returned to Fairport, when one of their number, an Englishman, named John Hudson, in attempting to go aboard of the vessel, slipped from the plank and was precipitated head foremost into the river, and in less than fifteen minutes was a corpse! It was found on examination that his skull had been fractured by coming in contact with the ice. He was decently interred in the burying ground in this town on Saturday, and on Sunday night the great sea robber—Painkiller—Ohio, Telegraph."

[From our Correspondent.]

LETTERS FROM MAINE.—No. III.

Dear Sir,—I have taken some pains to ascertain the amount of ship-building in our State annually. I have succeeded only in part. The year now past is by no means an average year; indeed in many places little has been done except in finishing vessels which were begun in better times, or to use materials lying on hand. Yet in the Portland district I find the amount registered this year, to be 4780 tons,—about 20 different vessels, of which 11 are ships and barques.

There are ten districts in the State, and in them all probably not far from

POETRY.

AUL AT ROME.

They lay
drills like the cursed of Heaven
men,
all with the blood of slaughtered
While
radiant skies hung o'er them, and the domes
glittered with the eye of Heaven!
That white sepulchre! how had it king
With iron-hoof trodden the necks of men!
How had the glories of the earlier day
Vanished like the smoke of a Godless shrine!
A Nero with his gory hand had waved
His blood-hounds to the Christian slaughter,
And the great city staggered with the blood
Of martyrs, perishing for the holy cross.
One form was there—a venerable form,
Green gray with suffering and worn with years,
Who would command the vile tyrant's heart
And hurled defiance to the throat of death.
He stood to stay his people, as they fled
A scattered household from the dogs of hell,
And bade them die with an unflinching trust—
Till the black minions of a despot's rage
Seized him to death. Nay, not to death! To die?
"Twas gain—the crowning of his loftiest hope.
Then should the dungeon blast that hope, and
shed
His wasting milder on him, till his heart
Quail to the tyrant's mimicry of power,
And suffering ceased to glitter in his eyes.
Not so! Paul had not learned to bow his head
Save to the mandate of the King of kings.
Oh! there was suffering's triumph. He had
known
Edging through its misery, brooking the wrath
Of an un-mendomed world, and perishing.
For the high crown that glittered in his eyes,
The crumbling temple of his nobler self!
He who had won a conqueror's mastery,
Battling the scorn of the envenomed Jews,
Pouring contempt on vain Philosophy,
Amid the stoics of the Parthenon—
And claiming homage for the living God
Even at the idol-shrines of Ephesus—
Who had borne the knotted scourge unmoved,
Wearied with watchings in the wilderness,
And spurned the perils of an angry sea,
He who had sung in prison, exulting there,
He might preach the mysteries of his Faith—
Who had sung in prison, exulting there,
The bonds that shackled him, so it but leave
His praise unfettered for the ear of Heaven—
Could the black dungeons of the rotting Rome
Appal his heart?—Nay! as the child lies down
To the sweet pillow of his evening dreams,
So went that hero of all suffering men,
To the grim dungeon's silence—while a voice,
As of an angel beckoning to Faith,
Was whispering to his ear, "the triumph now!"
Oh! treasures! treasures! had that tyrant given
For one moment's draught of such a peace as his,
Who to the darkness of his prison walls
Could sing of his departed, dwelling
In the bright visions of his glowing faith,
Aye, joying in afflictions, while they brought
To his rap soul, glory's unmeasured weight.
Oh! holy sufferer! may thy strength be ours
In the mad conflict of this warring world.

E. P. W.

MISCELLANY.

THE SABBATH WRECK.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning
in the autumn of 1877, a few smoky
clouds tinged with red, sailed slowly
through the blue heavens; the sun shone
brightly, as if conscious of the glory and
goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a
holy stillness and tranquility, characteris-
tic of the day of rest; the majestic
Firth backed back the sea beams, while
on its bosom slowly glided the winged
granaries of commerce; there, too, lay
its islands, glorying in their strength—the
May, shrouded in light, appeared as a
levitation sunning in its rays—and the
giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose
as a proud mountain of alabaster in the
midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shores
of the Dunbar. It was the morning of
the Sabbath, and there were many boats
from the south and from the north, and
from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fish-
ermen that an immense shoal was upon
the coast; and, regardless of its being
Sabbath morning, they began to prepare
their thousand boats, and to go out to
seize their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson,
a man possessing the piety and the gen-
erosity of an apostle, was then minister of
Dunbar; and as he went forth to the
kirk to preach to his people, he beheld
the unhallored preparations of the fish-
ermen on the beach; and he turned
amongst them, and reproved them sternly
for their great wickedness. But the men
were obstinate—the prospect of great
gain was before them, and they
mocked the words of the preacher. Yet
some of them said unto him in the words
of the children to the prophet—"Go up,
thou bald head!" He went from boat to
boat, counselling, entreating, expostulat-
ing with them, and praying for them.

"Surely," said he, "the Lord of the
Sabbath will not hold you guiltless for
this profanation of his holy day. But,
show respect, that I may have a little
felt or understood upon the borders, and
they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the
property of members of his own congrega-
tion, and there he found Agnes Craw-
ford, the daughter of one of his elders,
hanging upon the neck of her husband,
and their three children also clung around
him, and they entreated him not to be
guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the
sake of perishable gain. But he regard-
ed not their voice; and he kissed his wife
and children while he laughed at their
idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene
with emotion, and approaching the group—
"John Crawford," he exclaimed, "you
address the husband, and you may profess
to mock, to laugh, or to sneer at the
word of a feeble woman, but see that you
return not like a consuming fire into your
own bosom when hope has departed. Is
not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator
of the sea, as well as of the dry land?
Know ye not that ye are now braving
the wrath of Him before whom the mighty
ocean is a drop, and all space but a span?
Will ye, will ye, glory in insulting
His ordinance, and delight in profaning
the day of holiness? Will ye draw down
everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of
your soul? When ye were but a youth,
ye have listened to the words of John
Knox—the great apostle of our coun-
try—ye have trembled beneath their
power, and when ye think of those con-
victions, and contrast them with your con-
duct this day, do you not feel the word
apostate burn in your heart? John Crawford,
sume of your blood have embraced the

stake for the sake of truth, and will ye
profane the Sabbath which they sanctified?
The Scotsman who openly glori-
es in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the
name of one, and publishes to the world
that he has no part in communion with
the land that gave him birth. John Craw-
ford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice
of your wife, and that of your bairns,
(whose bringing up is a credit to their
mother), and be not guilty of this gross
sin." But the fisherman, while he re-
garded not the supplications of his wife,
became sullen at the words of the preach-
er, and springing into the boat, seized an
oar, and, with his comrades, began to
pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and
Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from
the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Craw-
ford and her children followed him.
That day he took for his text, "Remem-
ber the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and
he was fearfully and fervently de-
nounced the crime of Sabbath breaking,
and alluded to the impious proceedings of
the day, his hearers trembled, but
poor Agnes wept aloud, and her chil-
dren clung around her, and they served
also because she wept. But, ere the ser-
vice had concluded, the heavens began to
lower. Darkness fell over the congrega-
tion—and first came the murmur of the
storm, which suddenly burst into the
wild howl of the tempest. They gazed
upon each other in silent terror, like
guilty spirits stricken in their first rebel-
lion by the searching glance of Omnip-
otence. The loud voice of the Psalm
was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled
with the dreadful music of the ele-
mental winds, like the beating of a drum
in the wind that swept howling on the
mountains. For a moment, their fea-
tures convulsed and immovable, they
stared at the scene of the storm; but
every tongue was silent, every eye
fixed. There was no voice, save heav-
en's. The church seemed to rock to its
foundations, but none fled—none moved.
Fate, powerless, as marble statues, hor-
ror transfixed, stood in the house of pray-
er. The steeples rocked in the blast, and
as it bent, a knell, untold by human
hands, pealed on the ears of the breath-
less multitude. A crash followed. The
spire that glittered in the morning sun
lay scattered in fragments, and the full
voice of the whirlwind roared through
the aisles. The trees crouched and were
stripped of leaves, and the sturdy
oaks, whose roots had embraced the earth
for centuries, torn from the deep darkness
of their foundations, were lifted on the wings
of the tempest. Darkness was spread
over the earth. Lightning gathered
together their terrors, and, clothed in
the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed
through the air. The fierce hail was
poured down as clouds of ice. At the
peak of his roof, a tremendous thunder,
the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the
tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage
of the troubled sea, which, lashed into
foam by the angry storm, still belled
forth its white billows to the clouds, and
shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry
of unnumbered hosts. The congregation
still sat motionless, dumb, and, as if
waiting for the preacher to burst
into tears; and when his troubled soul
and his agonized bosom had found in their
relief, he inquired eagerly—"But O, tell
me, how was I saved?—was I cast upon
the beach? There is a confused remem-
brance in my brain, as though an angel
grasped me, and I was borne away, and
I was saved. But my head is confused, it is
fearfully confused, and I remember nothing
but as a dream; save the bursting away
of the dreadful storm, with the perishing
of hundreds in an instant, and the awful
cry that rang from boat to boat—a judg-
ment has come over us! And it was a
judgment indeed! O Agnes! I missed
my wife, my children, my home, my min-
ister, I had been escaped the sin that I had
this day committed, and the horrors of
which it was visited. But tell me
how, or in what manner I was saved."

"John," said the aged elder, the father
of Agnes, "ye was saved by the merciful
and sustaining power of that Providence
which ye this morning set at naught. But
I reject to find that your heart is not
broken, and that you have not had a
visitation—the judgment, as ye have
well described it—which has this day
filled our coast with widows and with or-
phans, has not fallen upon you in vain;
for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are
grateful for your deliverance. Your be-
ing saved is nothing short of a miracle.
We beheld how long and how desper-
ately ye struggled with the raging waves,
and how low ye were, and when it was
not in the power of any being upon
the shore to render ye the slightest as-
sistance. We saw how ye struggled to
reach the black rock, and how ye were
swept round it; and when ye at last reached it,
we observed how ye clung to it with the
grasp of death, until your strength gave
out, and the waves, as if by magic, raised
you up, and ye were driven towards the beach,
and some of the spectators recognized
your face, and they cried out ye were
saved! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman
rushed toward the crowd—and then
John—O, then!—but here the feelings
of the old man overpowered him. He
sobbed aloud, and passing for a few mo-
ments, he said, "O tell me, some of ye!"
"O tell me," said the elder, "that the
fisherman, 'a' that my father-in-law has
said, I knew before. But how was I saved?
or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale. "Hear-
ken unto me, John Crawford," said he.
"Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and
to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond
measure. In the morning ye mocked
my counsel and set at naught my reproof.
True, ye were driven towards the beach,
and some of the spectators recognized
your face, and they cried out ye were
saved! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman
rushed toward the crowd—and then
John—O, then!—but here the feelings
of the old man overpowered him. He
sobbed aloud, and passing for a few mo-
ments, he said, 'O tell me, some of ye!'
"O tell me," said the elder, "that the
fisherman, 'a' that my father-in-law has
said, I knew before. But how was I saved?
or by whom?"

The spectators were busy carrying the
dead body to the shore, and they
reached the reach of tide-mark. They
had continued their melancholy task for near
an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See!
see!—one still lives, and struggles to
make the shore!"

All rushed to the spot from whence
the voice proceeded, and a young man
was seen struggling with the waves, and
his strength, yet laboring in the whirling
strength. His countenance was black with
despair. His heart panted with suffoca-
ting pangs. His limbs buffeted the
billows in the strong agony of death, and
he strained with desperate eagerness, to-
wards the projecting point of a black
rock. It was now within his grasp, but
in its stead, he clutched the deceitful
wave that laughed at its deliverance.
He was whirled around it, dashed on it
with violence, and again swept back by
the relentless surge. He threw out his
arms at random, and his deep groans and
panting breath were heard through the
sea's hoarse voice. He again reached
the rock—he grasped, he clung to its
tangled sides. A murmur moaned
through the multitude. They gazed upon
another. His glazed eyes were
darkly upon them. Supplication and
scorn were mingled in his look. His lips
moved, but his tongue uttered no sound.
He only gasped to speak—to implore as-
sistance. His strength gave way—the
waters rushed around the rock as a whirl-
pool. He was again uplifted upon the
white bosom of the foam and tossed with-
in a few yards of the walling but unavailing
crowd.

"It is John Crawford!" exclaimed
those who were enabled to recognise his
features. A loud shriek followed the
mention of his name—a female rushed
through the crowd, and the next moment
the delicate form of Agnes Crawford
was seen floating on the wild sea. In
an instant a hundred plumed her re-
scue, but, before the scream of horror

and surprise raised by the spectators
when they beheld her devoted but des-
perate purpose, had subsided, she was
beyond the reach of all who feared death.
Alas! the fisherman, who upon the
beach, with his arm—the arm of
your wife that saved you—upon your bosom—
"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the
fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom,
"My Agnes! was it you? was it you?
my wife! my saviour!" And he wept
loud, and his children wept also. There
is no merit in what I have done," replied
she, "for who should have attempted to
save ye, had I not? Ye were every
thing to me, John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the
mother were too strong for words. I
will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude
of the family to whom the husband and
the father had been restored as from the
dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in
the voice of lamentation and of mourn-
ing, which echoed along the coast like
the peal of an alarm bell. The dead
were laid in heaps upon the beach, and
on the following day, widows, orphans,
parents and brothers, came from all the
fishing towns along the coast, to seek
their dead amongst the drowned that had
been gathered together; or, if they found
them not, they wandered along the shore
in quest of them where the sea might
have cast them forth. Such is the tale of
the Sabbath Wrecks—of the lost brave of
Dunbar.

BURYING ALIVE.
The recent publication of a remarkable
narrative, related by Mrs. M. Child, in which
a near relative of hers narrowly escaped being
buried alive, has attracted much of the
public attention, and we take occasion to
reprint. The following facts, collected from
medical history, are painfully interesting, and
proper to be known, in order to prevent, if possible,
their recurrence.

At Toulouse a lady having been buried
in the church of the Capuchin friars, was
found dead, and a servant of the church
eyes began to melt away, and he
gazed around in bewilderment, and he
conscious of where he was, and he sunk
in a troubled sleep; and as he slept,
his strength returned, he cast forth
his arms, in imagination yet grasping
with death. He dreamed, and in his
dream he sought for help. He prayed,
and in the same breath he blasphemed
and reviled, or, as the doctor said, he
troubled his fancy still pictured on the
beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke
from his troubled sleep, which many ex-
pected would have been the sleep of
death. He raised himself in the bed—he
looked around wistfully. Agnes was
dead, and he wept, and he was so well
recovered that after her resurrection she
became the mother of several children.

Dr. Devaux, a surgeon of St. Come
hospital in Paris, had a maid servant,
who had three times been carried to
burial. She did not recover her senses the
last time until they were lowering the
coffin into the grave. That woman had
been buried, and that no complaint had
been brought against him, and that
there was no ground for taking him into
custody, he immediately set off for Brussels
for the purpose of procuring a passport
to Belgium. In a letter to the Procureur
he declared that he should be able to prove that
he was provoked, struck and wounded first
by his wife, and then by a crowd of men
who had surrounded him, and that he was
entirely independent of his own will.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—Mr. Wm. Norris,
one of the most skillful machinists in the
United States, was recently admitted to the
honorary membership of the Society of
Mechanical Engineers, and he presented to
the Society a model of a machine which
he had recently invented, and which was
practically on the railroad in the United
States of North America. This machine, which
is only 40 centimetres in height, works per-
fectly, and possesses the power of drawing,
pushing, and carrying a load of sixty
persons. It differs from the French machine,
in the apparatus which allows it to turn on
curves. The model presented to the King
of Belgium, and the King of the Belgians
examined it with attention, and expressed to
Mr. Norris his satisfaction at it.

SOCIALISM.—A socialist meeting was held
in the Exchange Room, Paisley on Monday
night, when a lecture was delivered by its
great apostle, Mr. Owen. A more melancholy
exhibition of human misery was witnessed
in the hall, where the poor and destitute
were seated, and where the speaker, who
is altogether a most repulsive spectacle to
see a man at the age of three score years and twelve,
and tottering on the brink of the grave, ram-
bling about, and uttering words of wisdom
on the subject of religious belief, teaching
the world that mankind, from Adam downwards
to the present moment, Robert Owen alone
excepted, have been ignorant fools; teaching
that the human race is a mass of slaves,
and that it is a most repulsive spectacle to
see a man at the age of three score years and twelve,
and tottering on the brink of the grave, ram-
bling about, and uttering words of wisdom
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